

Growing up, I heard several stories about September's bar. The old crew of Gary and Tina Gray, Ramon Quezada, Bob and Mary, and Dan and Gail Leonard drank there with Peggy as the bartender. Ramon told a story about Peggy's daughter Christal dancing on a bar and falling off, breaking a bone, and I heard that story again from Christal at Groggy's in 2022, where her and her mom Peggy now run the place. Hearing the same story decades apart seemed odd.

At my mom's house in Chandler in 1998, my first girlfriend, Shawna Manecke, met my two sisters, Carly and Julie, and my mom Gail. Shawna was friends with Nicole Johnson(my step-sister) and Michael and Brian Gallimore.

I moved in with Michael Gallimore on Country Club Dr when I was 21. His brother Brian moved in with us shortly after, saying a family of in-breds down the street had got him evicted. Brian later found out that he had gotten Tanya pregnant, and then found out she was in an incestuous relationship with her twin brother Tony. Brian said these neighbors were saying crazy things through the wall(gaslighting), and he had started drinking heavily, had bulimia and was doing self-harm. I believe Brian lived in the exact same bedroom I ended up in at 218 S Doran, where he encountered Terry and her demon spawn. The first thing I saw when I stepped out of the U-Haul on Doran street, 17 years later was a girl that looked exactly like Brian, and Tony later said something about me possibly being there to avenge Brian.

Ramon said my parents first met at September's. He said Dan originally only talked to bartenders, no one else, and that he only drank Miller high life. Shawna asked me in 2022 if High Life was the only beer I drank, and I generally only talk to bartenders at bars. When Ramon found out I lived on country club and 8th ave, he was concerned, and warned me not to move to the Main st and Stapley area. He had known people on Pepper place by Main st, and had apparently heard horror stories about what went on in this area.

In that apartment on 218 S Doran a deranged Asian lady neighbor tried to frame and murder me with the help of these people. My Mom and her sister Becky both visited this apartment and commented, upon entering this neighborhood, that this was where they went to pick up drugs in High School. I also had come here numerous times in high school to the roach motels to buy drugs as well.

The only person from work I hung out with outside of work was Amy. We went to September's once, and she was later asked to check up on me the first time I was poisoned. There was a bunch of Tempe cops that night waiting for me with a roadblock a few hundred feet from an apartment building that me, my mom, Carly and her daughter Hailey had lived in years earlier on 505 W Baseline rd. All of my friends from high school hung out and did drugs and alcohol on many occasions in that apartment complex over many years. I took the city bus to both high school and tech school from that Kyrene and Baseline corner. Years later, when I was homeless, I stashed my bags on Carly and Hailey's patio there. Mike, Brian and all of my Corona Del Sol friends are familiar with Gail and my family through partying at Gail's Chandler house and her Tempe apartment. Danny Keene even lived with me, Nicole and Carly in Chandler for a summer in 1999.

I heard on the local news several times about Atlas, a terrible property management company that was possibly organized crime. They said this company may be gaslighting tenants. I later heard a story from the same journalist that storing fertilizer bags inside was deadly, due to Co2, even though the number of bags found couldn't possibly be enough to kill people, not knowing at the time they were piping soda fountain tanks through the walls.

The company that I deliver papers for also owns the local news channel that runs "3 On Your Side", the show that mentioned Atlas Property Management, gaslighting, and Co2 hypoxia. All of my managers could easily contact the journalists who are familiar with this, and these criminals tried to get my coworkers to help them with their murder plot. They also tried to gaslight my roommate to assist in their murder plot, and he is an ex-marine. The marines train people to identify gaslighting, calling it psi-ops.

Some old acquaintances of my parents seemed to be showing up at bars around there giving me weird looks. The random patrons of bars around Mesa kept talking about Pedophiles and meth dealers. The random neighbors around me in Mesa did too. My sister Carly(a nazi) had tried to gaslight our friends and family, many years before, into thinking I was a pedophile. Dan(a psychopath) had tried to gaslight his family into thinking that I was a meth dealer. That is why I cut off all contact from my family.

Shawna said she had a standing appointment with somebody at The Deli on Saturdays at Noon. When I went there one Saturday at Noon somebody made a call saying “your dad is here”.

The closest bar to my mom’s house is Fuzzy’s, and the people there were talking about someone trying to gaslight his roommate into shooting him.

Shawna mentioned a bar called The Copper Door from when she lived in Glendale. When I Moved to Glendale, that bar was across the street.

The bar called Runners, down the street from my Mom’s house in Sun City West, is owned by Phil Marcus, who also owns of the bar in which I was poisoned twice, The Hambone. Regulars at Runners include Doug, Kathy And Cory. My dad and Ramon have known Bob, Mary, Doug, Kathy and Cory for many years, and I have met them all at various family gatherings. Other bartenders in Glendale, Surprise and Prescott seemed to be aware of who I was and what was going on. Many people knew my name, or old nickname, without us being introduced. My grandpa Jim Hablutzel and his Wife Glenna used to talk about the Hambone when I was a child.

Jim Hablutzel, Gail’s dad, got Dan a job at Air Research in the 70’s, where Dan originally met Gary Gray and Ramon. I tried to get my sisters to check to see what was going on on Facebook, and to talk to my aunt Becky Rhoades. I believe she used to know Ramon, and I tried to get everyone together when Jim died, hoping the death in the family would bring these people together. I hoped everybody would work together to figure out what to do about this situation. They were all ignoring me, or had my number blocked.

I happened to buy a brown and white sweater when I first moved to Glendale. I later saw a very similar sweater on a random Mexican man in my apartment complex. Months later, when I was poisoned a second time, that same man in that same sweater showed up at the hospital with a Tactical Operations Unit officer, trying to convince the Lead Doctor that I was a danger to myself or others, in order to institutionalize me. I believe that man stole my power of attorney and orchestrated all of this with the crooked prosecutor. That man had three other Hispanic men with him, one of which was the size of an NFL lineman. I believe the lawyer uses that man to hold people down to inject them with cathinones. The local hospital updated their policy in the middle of this, for intake, to include the question “do you have a medical power of attorney?”, I have several extended family members who work in healthcare who may have heard of this new policy.

I have many family members that were in the Air Force, and that branch uses thermal surveillance equipment, as do Police. My sister Carly was in the Air Force, tried out to be a cop, and worked in the Department of Child Services throughout this situation. She quit her job right after this situation was dealt with, so I believe she may have helped deal with it. My other sister Julie, studied early childhood development and Spanish, and the neighborhood full of Hispanic people that did all of this uses racketeering techniques that are prosecuted as child abuse.

One of the many times I was poisoned by someone placing research chemicals in my drink, I drove to Diamonds, a bar in Mesa. Gary, Ramon, and Dan used to drink there, back when it was called Sluggo’s. I believe I visited that bar/restaurant a couple of times when I was a child, because it was down the street from the minor league baseball field on Centennial Way. My aunt Becky lives across the street from that bar now.

These criminals use research chemicals to induce psychotic behavior, but stimulants effect people on the spectrum differently. I was able to ignore these in-breds and their associates with their

gaslighting because of ASD eccentricities. Other victims must have had different reactions to these things.

I tried to better my lot in life many times over the decades with ideas of careers or anything that would put me in a better situation. Getting sober and trying to achieve something had no effect on my life. I thought I was waiting for something to happen, but I never knew what exactly. I suppose if I had achieved anything, I never would have ended up in the worst neighborhood around, with no friends or family. Someone had to be in that exact room, at the exact time that the government was looking into this group of criminals. That someone had to look like the perfect target for these people, and also be resistant to the specific tactics they use. I seem to have perfect recall for things involved in this, without remembering other things very well.

I was always extremely atheist, but I learned that some of things in the Old Book came about from a situation of massive injustice, that some random person was tasked with highlighting in some way. Those stories were the originator of that book, before it was written, and people learn Sumerian, Aramaic, ancient Greek etc. to study them. These people were helped by God or Whoever, and anyone else in this situation would surely have died along the way. I dodged homicidal maniacs many times, survived multiple poisonings and attempted shootings, and even drove several miles in traffic through turns and intersections, while completely asleep without any problem.

Church people don't seem to have been any help, and societally christians are inarguably the worst people in our society. All of the nazis, anti-semites, authoritarians, and anyone hell-bent on genocide is supposedly Jesus' biggest fan. Everyone I've met who says "I was put here for a reason" is an insufferable idiot, who's justification for believing that is some of the dumbest shit I have ever heard. The church needs a reboot every once in a while, and I can't think of a clearer example of that need than the current political situation in America today.

No conservative in my life has seemed to care about injustice, only progressives do. These fake christians seem to hate progressives more than anyone else, and they love only hatred, judgement, and murder. They use their fraudulent beliefs to make money, push propaganda, and wage war.